SOME NEW BOOKS.

Texas the Marvellous.

The general interest attracted to the Texas border by the presence of friends and relatives in the National Guard from all parts of the United States will draw other readers, apart from those who wish to learn about the great commonwealth, to NEVIN O. WINTER's *Texas the Marvellous* (The Page Company, Boston) in spite of its many faults. The author is impressed and forces on the reader's attention important facts about Texas which are generally overlooked or are unknown to many people; he had the opportunity to write a book of permanent value, such as is needed at the present moment, but has preferred to dash off hasty impressions of books and things seen in language which would be greatly improved by revision.

Despising the orderly chronological arrangement of history he breaks up the story of Texas into rhetorical fragments, dwelling chiefly on well known and picturesque incidents. Of the period preceding independence, the days of Spanish rule to which Texan historians have devoted much study recently, he has comparatively little to say, though with a little pains the reader will discover accounts of the expedition of Cabeza de Vaca and of the catastrophe of La Salle. He is not critical about the character of the Americans who pushed their way into Spanish Texas and in the dealings he describes invariably puts the Spaniards, as he does the Mexicans in the later period, in the wrong. He admits that all kinds of criminals and desperate characters sought the border and peoples the region just across the Mexican boundary with that class now, but bravery and the spirit of adventure cover all other faults for him, as they do for Texans who tell of the old days. There is but one side, therefore, for him in the contest that left the Lone Star State independent. He can repeat "Remember Goliad" and "Remember the Alamo" with the old time ardor, and the men who took part in that struggle are spotless heroes to him as they are to Texas. His accounts of the annexation to the United States and of the part Texas played in the civil war are rather brief, while the more recent history of the State is barely touched on; the author prefers to tell of individuals like Gen. Sam Houston and of the enterprise of the cities. Not once, however, does he mention Joseph W. Bailey.

History, nevertheless, is but a secondary matter to Mr. Winter; his main purpose is to make people understand what Texas is now. In the first place, he tries to convey an idea of the bigness of the country, the idea that the inhabitants try above all to impress on strangers. He repeats the statements that Texas would hold all New England, the middle States, Virginia and North Carolina, and that if it were tipped over on the map Brownsville would cover Winnipeg. More significant is the assertion that while it is snowing in the northern end of the State bananas are growing in the open air in the extreme south. In the second place, he assures us that the population, aside from Mexicans and negroes, is made up of native Americans with little admixture of foreign immigrants. In the third place, he insists that the Texas of lawlessness, of bandits and Indians, of free shooting and drunkenness, is a thing of the past; that the carrying of firearms is illegal and that prohibition is the rule in most of the many counties and is enforced. Finally he scouts the popular delusion that Texas is a flat plain of unproductive soil, and describes many parts of the State to prove the contrary. He would strengthen his evidence if he substituted proper geological maps for the small scale Rand & McNally railroad map he employs. His demonstration, too, would be clearer if he had not kept to the main railroad lines and arranged his geographical descriptions according to them.

As the State extends through ten degrees of latitude and attains a high elevation, especially in the northern part, the climate of Texas is naturally diversified. Mr. Winter assures us that it is good and mild everywhere and that the dryness in the west makes the heat endurable. The lowlands of the coast rise but little above the level of the Gulf of Mexico and extend from fifty to a hundred miles inland. They are well drained by the rivers that flow through them. A line of sandy islands cuts off the shores from the waters of the Gulf, and it is proposed to connect the intersecting lagoons by canals, which will afford smooth water navigation along the whole coast of Texas.

The climate is subtropical, making it possible to raise all the fruits and crops that grow in the West Indies. The land has been used for the raising of cattle, as there was a dearth of water. Fifteen years ago, however, underground supplies were found by sinking artesian wells, so that the land can now be irrigated.

Eastern Texas offers much the same conditions that obtain in adjoining Louisiana. Along the shore rice is cultivated under exceptionally favorable conditions; a timber belt that yields pine and oak extends across the State until the land rises too high, close to the border of Oklahoma. Parallel with this runs the fertile "black waxy" belt on which cotton is grown. According to Mr. Winter, Texas raises one-tenth of all the cotton in the world. It is in eastern Texas, too, that the oil wells are found that brought Port Arthur into existence.

When central Texas is reached the ground has attained a level of from one to two thousand feet above the sea and we have a farming country of valleys and plateaus, devoted to the crops of the temperate zone, corn, wheat and general produce, and to stock raising. Going west the rainfall decreases and the land grows more arid, but Mr. Winter asserts that there is no desert land in Texas, unless it be on the southern extremity. In the Panhandle and the Staked Plain, thirty-five hundred to four thousand feet above sea level, given up to cattle raising and dry farming on account of the scarcity of water, water is to be found often a short distance underground, and fine crops have been produced by those who have had the enterprise to sink artesian wells. Western Texas, the region between the Pecos and the Rio Grande, is dryer still, but the Government is now building the Elephant Butte dam, which will cost $10,000,000, and will be the largest in the world, storing twice as much water as the Roosevelt dam, to irrigate the country back of El Paso. In that district Mr. Winter speaks of mountains 9,000 feet high and of a grand canyon with walls reaching nearly 2,000 feet up. He describes separately the principal industry of Texas, stock raising, and some of the enormous ranches. Here is clearly a highly diversified country, offering a superabundance of land and opportunity to the settler and needing above all things more population.

The description of the country along the Rio Grande is inadequate, because Mr. Winter sticks closely to the railroads and, as a rule, is interested only with the large towns which give promise of becoming prosperous. He reminds us that the United States army has been patrolling the river ever since Porfirio Diaz's downfall in 1910. He begins with El Paso, of which he approves because it is a modern city, and with the neigboring Fort Bliss. The river banks are low here and easily approachable; it is the lowest pass in the continental divide and lies in a valley from one to three miles wide and nearly fifty miles long. He compares the city with Juarez across the river. He then jumps half way down the river to Eagle Pass and Piedras Negras opposite, merely mentioning Presidio and the junction of the Pecos and Rio Grande, but giving no idea of what the intervening country is like, though he is impressed by the size of the counties. Near by is Fort Duncan. The next jump is to Laredo and Fort McIntosh. The back country apparently contains large ranches covered with mesquite and prickly pear. The triangle forming the southernmost point of Texas, from Laredo to the mouth of the Rio Grande and back to the Nueces River, was practically uninhabited down to 1890, with the exception of Brownsville. The herdsmen roamed over it with herds of thousands of cattle, horses and sheep. The population is sparse and scattered; half of it is Mexican, and the buildings, the methods of agriculture and the customs are Mexican. The railroad reached Brownsville in 1905, and while it is a considerable town, the manners and the majority of the people are seemingly still Mexican. The soil near the town is very fertile, so that tropical plants grow luxuriantly; that of the country back seemed sandy and poor, till irrigation was introduced in places on the railroad running parallel with the river and wonderful crops were raised. The towns the author mentions are Zapata, Roma and Rio Grande City along the river and Harlingen and Mercedes on the railroad line. With garden truck by the car load near at hand the lot of the guardsmen in the Brownsville section should not be too hard.

There is little to indicate the character of the country along the river or the difficulties from climate and from nature that the men on guard are likely to meet. Mr. Winter's chief interest is in the cities that are likely to prosper and the country adjacent to each that will contribute to its advance. San Antonio is his favorite, but he sings the praises of Houston, Galveston, Dallas, Fort Worth, Austin, Waco, Beaumont just as heartily. He admires the way in which the Panhandle is to be developed, he admires the railroad legislation of Texas, the commission system of city government of Galveston, the municipal slaughter house of Paris, Lanier county. He admits that Texas has been overrun in the past by promoters, the failure of whose schemes has hurt the State; but the optimistic spirit of those who expect great things in the near future has full possession of him. He shares the Texan enthusiasm for bigness, big counties, big ranches, big business. At all events he presents to us a Texas far different from that which many people picture to themselves, a Texas free from Indians, from bad men and riotous cowboys, a Texas that enforces prohibition and drives gambling, horse racing, bull fights and the attendant disorders across the convenient border, a Texas that is building up industries, that is raising immense crops of cotton, corn, wheat, live stock, garden truck, developing natural resources and striving to secure fair play in the markets, a Texas, too, that is calling on the national Government to make her rivers navigable, to enlarge her ports, to dam the Rio Grande, and offering to do her share in the work. It is an alluring picture of the energetic Lone Star State. The illustrations are fine photographs.

Colonial Verse.

In the labor of elevating the standard of cheap books, both in the quality of the material and the artistic dress in which it is presented, that the house of J. M. Dent and Sons has undertaken for thirty years past or more not the least service has been that of engaging competent literary men to compile special anthologies of prose or verse on original lines. In the pretty pocket editions that preceded their "Everyman's Library" even out of the way authers of sterling merit were brought within the reach of any one who cared to read them, just as others are in that extremely convenient series, but to the student of literature new points of view have been opened by the collections of extracts or short pieces arranged according to some new plan. Such an anthology, inspired surely by the community of spirit and of feeling revealed by the war, is the selection of poetry written in the British colonies which E. A. HELPS calls *Songs and Ballads From Over the Sea* (J. M. Dent and Sons; E. P. Dutton and Company). "Anzacs" and Canadians at the front and the South Africans in their own continent have brought home to Britain what qualities have been developed by her sons who left their homes, and it is certainly appropriate that she should find out, too, that they have tried to make their own way in letters.

As a pioneer anthology Mr. Helps's book deserves all praise, but for some unexplained reason he has chosen to handicap himself by omitting "poetry of the passions," religious verse and likewise humorous verse as a rule. This not only restricts the field of choice but tempts the editor to draw from the large class of respectable versifiers who hold closely to approved models; we seem to hear echoes of Longfellow and Whittier and Kipling as well as those of established British classics. The striking thing, however, is that poetry is written wherever the English flag has been planted, in Jamaica and Ceylon and the Cape as well as in Canada and Australia. Canada as the longest settled of the outlying dominions naturally has the longest list of authors and the lion's share of space. Mr. Helps draws from forty-eight, nearly all native born Canadians, and gives several specimens of the art of several. Those who wrote in French he leaves out altogether, but he quotes liberally from Dr. Drummond, which gives distinction to the Canadian contingent. Among the others are many names familiar to American readers of magazines.

American novel readers have awakened to the fact that writers in Australia and New Zealand are turning out fiction some of which is as good as the home product. Mr. Helps draws from twenty-seven Antipodean poets, preeminent among whom is Adam Lindsay Gordon, though Mr. Helps seems to prefer Alfred Domett, who was Browning's "Waring." There is some fine poetry and some good verse in the Australian output; marks of greater independence from what was left behind. We fancy that Australian literature will bear watching. The tale of South Africans is seventeen and the proportion of these who were English born and returned eventually to England is probably greater than with the other colonies. We are glad to meet again an old friend here in Thomas Pringle with his:

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bushboy alone by my side.

The English verse and prose produced in India and the East Indies has been written chiefly by Englishmen residing in the country, and Rudyard Kipling's "The White Man's Burden" is used appropriately as a preface to the collection. Mr. Helps takes little from such authors, but prints interesting English verses by natives, Hindus or Eurasians. The same holds good for Ceylon. He has discovered four poets in Jamaica, one of whom writes dialect pretty well. He has demonstrated pretty conclusively that wherever the English tongue is borne there poetry is sure to be written and that every one of the large dominions is evolving a literature of its own, with which the mother country should become acquainted. Macaulay's New Zealander can write verse as well as fight; he prefers both to sitting on ruins.

The Three Brothers Powys.

John Cowper Powys has become very well known in this country as a lecturer and essayist; last spring, his first novel, "Wood and Stone," received more than usual attention, not only because of his command of language and ability to fuse philosophy with narrative, but also because of his revelation of human impulses. One of the outstanding characters of that book, a hermit, was said to be founded on the author's own brother, Theodore Francis Powys. And now we have another expression of Theodore Powys in "The Soliloquy of a Hermit" (G. Arnold Shaw), and from his own hand. This book, along with a collection of subjective poems by John Cowper Powys "Wolf's-Bane" (G.Arnold Shaw), and a third book introducing a third brother "Confessions of Two Brothers" (The Manas Press), by Llewellyn Powys and John Cowper Powys, combine to reveal a remarkably interesting Welsh fraternal triumvirate.

John Cowper is the best known to us. But he himself asserts that as compared with the deep originality of his hermit brother, his own work is a mere matter of receptivity and repetition. And in fact Theodore's book proves him to be so honest in his convictions, so downright in speaking what he feels, so effective in his simple brand of satire and humor, that the best way to present him is through his own words. In his "Soliloquy" he says:

"I know how men move under the shadow of the moods of God, and I know how I move. Some try to hide in the Garden, and some try to hide in the beast's belly. I have tried to hide amongst the grassy hills, but the moods of God have hunted me out."

The common man, explains Theodore, the happy man, is dominated by one mood, so that he never feels God but in one way, and whatever condition he may be in, this one mood holds him up. This kind of man is everywhere; he is the people; he talks about "having a drink," "getting on in the world," "writing books," "buying stocks," "driving pigs to market," "sowing red wheat." He may be in a palace, or at the bottom of a coal mine; he is the people, and his dominating mood is the getting mood. On the other side of the road is the priest.

"He is the soil in which God practices His divine moods; His hating moods, His loving moods, His cruel moods. The other man is dominated by one mood all his life; the manner of his life never changes, he moves in one small circle. The priest is never under one mood for long; he is always breaking, or rather being broken, by God. God takes him up and casts him down, and pitches him from one mood into another."

There is the mood of depression, which, too, seems to have a use.

"There is one of depression that is common to all men, and I compel this mood to carry me down to the earth and even below the earth, so that it may give me peace."

Then there is the gentlest mood of all:

"Sometimes, but alas only too seldom, comes to me out of the heavenly presence the mood of loving Tolerance, that most gentle of the moods of God. It is then that I regard the world as a garden and the people as good children; it is the mood in which every one is forgiven.

"Then there is another mood which comes much oftener, alas.

"But it is not easy to manage myself when I am tired; when I am tired I can do nothing else but walk up and down. At those times I am a great trouble, a great worry to myself; I do not obey the rules that I have set up to guide me; I do not even obey myself. If I say 'Go out for a walk in the rain,' I do not go. If I order myself to write letters, I do not write them. It is no good. This kind of 'being tired' is a mood of despair, and when despair gets hold of you there is no escape till the ugly thing lets go.

"Perhaps it is possible for some to get good even out of this mood, for God hides His gold in queer places; despair may be a kind of winter in the summer of your day. The sap has sunk like lead into your heels and you feel as though you could howl like a winter's wolf. This hopeless despair, by bringing you to the earth, raises you again; it changes your blood and drives you with vicious kicks behind into a new pasture. It makes a way for you out of your own misery, and creates a new mind out of your unrest: that—with a new beginning."

What Theodore has to say of his likings in books will interest most people who have strong likings in books. A book that he loves is John Wesley's intensely human journal—that human John. "How his human hatred and malice show up the man as a man and not a pitiful humbug as most of us are, and he could bring down his fist when he wished to. He was a bad husband, I know it, but let any young lady with a white fur muff and neat ankles who wants to marry a John—more John than Wesley—find out a little what manner of man he is before she trips up to the altar beside him, and if she is wise she will turn back and find some sober bank manager instead, whose name may very well be something else than John."

The final message in Theodore's book is summed up in two sentences: "I wonder if we shall ever understand that the world is not made for work but for Joy. And I who am trying to understand, why should not I be left in peace to eat and walk amongst the clean rain swept hills and to try to get under the moods of God?"

In the feeling and spirit of his new book of poems, *Wolf's Bane*, John Cowper resembles his brother Theodore more than in his other work, which sometimes strikes the reader as being more brilliant than sincere. The poems are all introspective and subjective and for the most part are melancholy and pessimistic. Characteristic are the verses called "Prayer":

Choked we live, and choked we die.
Give us air and give us space,
You intolerable sky!
'Tis not much—a little grace—
'Tis not long—a little thing—
That before our burying
We may cry one natural cry.

O to put into one breath—
Only one—
All the poison of our hate,
All—all—all—that came too late;
Give us that—and when that's done,
Death!

The old lament for the transitoriness of youth is the burden of "The Old Song":

Death comes soon, and youth has wings;
Snatch the chance the time uncovers;
Spring alone the crocus brings;
God have mercy on all lovers!

It is a temptation to quote, because the verses themselves reveal themselves better than any comment. So we choose another example from "Regret" to show another mood:

Gently you whispered, "You'll forget";
And I, who with "Never!" kissed you,
Know that my bitterest regret
Is not that I have missed you.

'Tis that a thing more sweet, more rare
Than aught in life I've seen,
Can mingle with the common air
And be as 't had not been!

The soliloquy which John Cowper contributes to *Confessions of Two Brothers* will likely make appeal to the wide following attracted by his lectures. For though in this case he tells the adventures of his soul in meeting John Cowper Bowys, instead of its adventures in meeting old masters through their work, yet he uses his familiar method: all the irony and fire and extraordinary flinging about of language is there. And his gusto seems to be no less because it is his own psychology he is dissecting, though he denies having a sympathetic interest in himself.

Despite this handicap, however, Mr. Powys contrives to analyze his cowardices, to dissect his likes and dislikes, to discuss the problems of fate, of evil, and of the conflict between the animal and the embodied intelligence—all as relating to himself, of course; and always in an entertaining and thought provoking manner, even if not always convincing.

The confessions of the youngest brother, Llewellyn, which complete the volume, present a striking contrast in literary method; John Cowper is subjective above all and Llewellyn is unusually objective.

His contribution is made up of experiences at different ages and in different places. The outstanding episode is one described in the chapter called "A Consumptive's Diary," and which took place since the war began, while Llewellyn was an invalid exiled to Davos. He describes a fancy dress ball at the sanitarium for consumptives.

"I stood at the end of the lighted hall dressed as a Welsh prince in scarlet and gold, and there passed by countless fantastics, a nun, a bride, a pierrot and an emperor.

"Everybody in the highest spirits—cigarettes, champagne, laughter and flushed cheeks. If it had not been for the continual sound of coughing, like the voice of a hollow toned stranger, now here, now there, one would never have suspected that all was not well with this gay and colored picture.

"But this fact was brought home to me when, going up to my room for some forgotten object, I happened upon a group of servant men taking the opportunity, now that the corridors were deserted, to carry away a corpse. I only saw them for the moment; but I knew directly, as though by instinct, what they were at, with their oblong burden, their hushed voices, their stockinged feet. It is said that coffins of every size are stored in the sanatorium to facilitate the secret removal of bodies to the deadhouse in Davos. For, after all, it is not pleasant to live patients to meet dead patients coming down stairs!"

REPORTED HER TROUBLES.

She Confided Them to the Proper Telephone Department.

The family had not had their telephone very long, says the *Southwester Telephone News*, and every one took a deep and abiding interest in it. On the outside of the directory they had noted the words, "Trouble, call No. 4217."

It had been a hard morning and everything had gone wrong. Finally the lady of the house in desperation turned to her trusty telephone and called 4217.

"This is the trouble department," answered the operator sweetly.

"Is this where you report your troubles?" asked the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I only want to report that our cat got drowned in the cistern this morning, the baby is cutting a new tooth, the cook left without warning; we are out of sugar and starch; the stovepipe fell down; the milkman left only a pint instead of a quart to-day; the bread won't raise; my oldest child is coming down with the measles; the plumbing in the cellar leaks; we have only enough coal to last through to-morrow; the paint gave out when I got only half over the dining room floor; the mainspring of the clock is broken; my three sisters-in-law are coming to visit to-morrow; the man has not called for the garbage for two weeks; our dog has the mange; the looking glass fell off the wall a while ago and broke to pieces; and I think that my husband is taking considerable notice of a widow lately that lives next door. That's all to-day, but if anything happens later I'll call you up and tell you about it."

CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

Effort to Restore Traffic on Interior Water Routes.

China is reported to be considering the restoration of the old canal system, of which there were at one time 60,000 miles within the empire. Centuries before the Christian era the great rivers of China were diverted from their natural courses, the waters of one turned into another's bed and the waterways carried along in the direction of desired traffic.

The ancient Grand Canal extends from Hangchou to Tientsin, traversing the provinces of Chekiang, Kiangsu, Shangtung and Chili, the total length of the canal being about 850 miles, says the *Christian Herald*. China is in desperate need of transportation, and it has been estimated by engineers that the canal system can be restored at a less cost than that which would be involved in the building of the necessary railways. With the canals again in operation the railway building can go on at greater leisure.

CLASS OF YEAR AFTER NEXT.

Let Parents of Boys Consider This Record of One of Its Members.

The father of a son writes to this repository of confidences: "My boy will be ready for college next fall, but I hestitate to send him, because this summer I have seen so many young collegians, and——" The letter specifies the frivollings of holiday making youngsters; it indicates that the distressed parent, a self-made man able and eager to help his boy up the first few rounds of the ladder he himself climbed so laboriously, has seen Jack at play only and does not know the industrious, diversified and fruitful forms of application of which he and his fellows are capable.

Consider the case of Bugs Binks, '18. Past the fever of soph year, he regards "the wide, wide world" of which June's baccalaureates sang so pathetically without yearning and without dread. Summer baseball, summer girls and summer training camps are pleasant interludes in the business of his life. They are not essential elements of it, whatever sensational censors have to say. In between he relieves the monotony of waiting for life to resume with occasional pecuniarily profitable occupations, and renewing his acquaintance with the home folks. At home he airs his knowledge, his knowledge right or wrong—but mostly wrong, for he selects his topics with more courage than fitness to his learning. He is loyal to it, either way.

Secretly he bones on that condition in German 177½ B, parting blessing of an unreasonable member of the Fac—A. B. Harvard, M. A. Oxon., Ph. D. Heidelberg, u. s. w. Next year Bugs will conquer his affinity for the pretentiously inaccurate and the futilely magnificent, which a Democratic member of the Federal Cabinet might envy. Just now Bugs Binks believes in Bugs Binks. Nobody else may believe in him, he may think he believes in nothing else; or he may believe in everything good with an impartial enthusiasm. He doesn't know just where he's going, but he's on his way, and sure to get there.

Bugs. Why Bugs? The name is not entomological but psychological. Archibald Algernon was the identifying device with which his doting parents started him off. While "Archie" expresses affectionate familiarity in boydom, it will not do for a Man to whom Prep School has become a memory of the lowlands, strangling in the rarefied atmosphere of the vertiginous altitudes to which the College Man has climbed. (Much more of time's stream must flow under the birthday bridges before he recognizes how, to place him in the proud eminence of a matriculate in Arts, his preceptors had to pull, his parents to push.) In freshman year Algernon's classmates, not quite certain whether he was deep or erratic, christened him Bugs, which in campus speech fits either case; and its bearer made it creditable to himself. On the "mast head" of the college daily, where the list of lower class associate editors is arranged alphabetically, his initials give him at least a typographical prominence.

Nature blessed Binks's kicking foot. He has not the dash of a halfback, the flat footed immovability of a guard, the fanatical courage of the end who risks life, limb and a sheepskin to prove that the bigger they are the harder they fall. But he has a "clever toe." His drop kicks are marvels of muzzle velocity, accurate direction and flat trajectory, footballistics unsurpassed. Dropkickers, sent in at the penultimate minute of a scoreless match, may save the day for Alma Mater after the sun has set. "Bugs Binks done it" was her triumphant chant after the Big Game last year. It did not turn the hero's head. "Oh, hell," he said; "if Dusty Miller hadn't blocked off that red headed end of theirs I'd have been smothered."

Bugs is not a muddied oaf of the play field. He covers himself with glory, not real estate. He is not an officer of his class, but it has no more loyal member. He does not take honors, but he is above the middle of the class in rank. Not on the Prom. Committee, he is always ready to save the less showy girls from the wallflower's fate. He does not report the Intercollegiates for the *Daily*, but he can rustle ads and lead prudent Prexy into the utterance of sentiments he never intended to promulgate but cannot gracefully disown. Bugs will not deliver the Latin Salutatory, but the Valedictory is not beyond his range. He may not serve conspicuously, but he does not "stand and wait."

Bugs may go into a Wall Street office on an office boy's salary; or he may join the staff of his favorite metropolitan daily in the humblest "capacity" its cashier recognizes on pay day; or he may take it into the head that won him his honorable nickname that the world needs a school teacher, a lawyer, a salesman or a grocer or a preacher of exactly his description. Whatever Bugs does after being graduated, he will do it in the spirit that made "a success" of his college life. And he will listen, without retort, to eloquent expositions of the uselessness of college graduates—and go quietly ahead disproving them by his accumulating record.

Bugs will make good.

LONG RIDES FOR A NICKEL.

Low Fares in Europe Cannot Compare With Rates Here.

D. J. McGrath, research assistant of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has made a study of the length of ride obtainable in the different American cities.

When one glances at the maps which have been compiled and notes that rides of eight and ten miles are available for a single fare in practically all the cities covered, and in some cases more than fifteen miles may be ridden by transferring through the centre of the city, one is led to wonder when this expansion of ride is going to be limited, says the *Electric Railway Journal*.

Under the five cent fare system the passenger riding ten miles or more does so at the rate of less than 0.5 cent per mile. The often quoted low fares of European cities cannot begin to compare with this rate. In our American cities, of course, only a small proportion of the passengers ride these long distances, and the loss involved in transporting them is more or less made up by the profit upon the short rides. It must be remembered, however, that as the populations of the cities increase more and more people spread out into the outlying suburbs, while the more central territory approaches its maximum capacity to house people.

Consequently the proportion of long riders may naturally be expected to increase. In the horse car days of only a quarter of a century ago, when a few short and often unconnected lines constituted the entire traction system of any particular city, the people were glad to pay a nickel even for the limited service.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Towers of Silence.

In the ancient city's shade
Roofless towers of granite rise,
Where the Parsee dead are laid
Uninterred beneath the skies.

Central in the circling walls
Lies a well, whose waters deep
Catch the sunshine as it falls
On the silence of long sleep;

Catch the brooding radiance cast
By the stars' supernal light,
And the planets wheeling past
In the swiftly turning night;

Catch the first long lingering ray
Out across the darkness whirled
By the white dawn, as the day
Wakes again the living world.

Yet shall not the vanished thought
To its temple come again;
Nor the crumbling bones be wrought
Into what had once been men.

M. E. BUHLER.

Fool's Gold.

Smith in his prospecting
Found a golden vein
Glittering and shining
With its gleaming grain.
Not a thing it bought him,
Luckless was his score,
"Fool's gold," said assayers,
"Fool's gold, nothing more."

Jones in his prospecting
By a lucky find
Found a golden metal,
Ore with nuggets lined.
Everything it bought him
On this earthly shore;
"Fool's gold," said the angels,
"Fool's gold, nothing more."

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

Nature Concocts Her Cocktails.

Rocked by the whispering winds
When the daytime is done;
Bathed by the soft, sweet summer rain
And warmed by the glowing sun.
Fruitage of bush and tree,
Gift of the trellis vine—
Nature's concocting a cocktail, see,
Better than distilled wine.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

Responsibility.

From the Washington Star.

When things go right
A world polite
Extends a wreath of glory,
And men with glee
Contend to be
The hero of the story.
From far and near
The cry you hear—
'Twere useless to forbid it—
On every hand,
In accents grand,
"I Did It!"

When things go wrong
Another song
Is suddenly arising,
And men lay down
The martyr's crown
With promptness all surprising.
They do not pause
For the applause.
Their pride, long since they've hid it.
Each shifts the blame,
As all exclaim,
"He Did It!"

Summer Joys.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Joys of the good old summertime
I'm quite convinced are many,
And they are found in every clime,
But still there are not any
Which can compare with that delight
Which fills our hearts with rapture,
When, chasing skeeters through the night,
At last we make a capture.

We hear these insects buzzing round,
We feel their keen attention,
And just how we our views expound
'Twould not be wise to mention;
But now and then we see a pest
And raise one hand and swat him—
Ah! but that moment's happiest
When we know we have got him.

Still True.

From the Baltimore American.

When one considers
The times abroad,
The many horrors
With which they're stored,
The fears of travel
Upon the sea
Where U-boat perils
So frequent be——

The constant danger
Of railroad strikes,
The street infesting
Of motor bikes,
This epidemic
That's children's foe,
And threatens kiddies
Where'er they go——

When one considers,
Again I say,
These ways of spending
The summer day,
Forced is conclusion
When one would roam,
The place that's safest
Is home, sweet home.

Difference of Opinion.

From the St. Louis Republic.

The Wood Thrush said to the Oriole:
"What a pretty place for a nest
On top of that limb; of all the sites
I think it is far the best."

"Oh, no, no, no," said the Oriole,
"Not on that stiff, awkward thing;
I like the little boughs further out,
Where my nest can have a swing."

And then the Pewee spoke up and said:
"Unto me, now, it would seem
The choicest place in the world to build
Is in the barn, on a beam."

Just then Miss Blue Bird came flying up,
And said from her very soul:
"The only place for a homelike nest
Is up somewhere in a hole."

Little Girl Next Door an' Me.

From the Indianapolis News.

Little Girl Next Door an' Me
An' our ice man—all us three
Have big fun 'bout ever' day
In a little game we play.
Ice man comes an' 'tends 'at he
Ain't got eyes so he can see
Us two git some ice an' hide
When he's takin' ours inside.
It ain't stealin' 'cause he knows
Where th' pieces allus goes,
But it's never fun for us
'Less he makes a awful fuss.

Little Girl Next Door an' Me
Waits behind our locus' tree
Till he comes to our house where
They's a ice card hangin' there.
Then he acts like he don't see
Little Girl Next Door an' Me.
But he does, 'cause when he weighs
Ice for us he allus lays
Pieces 'round for us to git,
So's we'll run away with it.
Then he yells: "Well, jiminee!
Where you s'pose that ice can be?"

Little Girl Next Door an' Me
We don't ever disagree.
We jist play an' play an' play
Like real pardners ever' day.
First thing soon's we git some ice
Then I say it would be nice
If she'd go in her house where
Her ma's got some lemons there.
Yes, an' bring some sugar, too,
An' some water—then she's through.
Next thing then, out in th' shade,
I play makin' lemonade!

King Gasolene.

From Leslie's Weekly.

When roses trim the garden fence
And woods and fields are green,
The world allegiance swears anew
To gay King Gasolene.
The radiator is his throne,
The horn his merry voice,
His crown a rubber tire begemmed
With auto lamps of course.

He is a gypsy monarch, too,
A car is his abode,
His subjects are a restless lot
And always on the road.
All avenues lead out of town,
Go get the old machine,
And let us join the retinue
Of good King Gasolene.

MINNA IRVING.

Tody Hamilton.

Tody has gone!
That megatherian master hand,
Which blazoned large in every land
The glittering glories of a show
On miles of billboards, high and low,
In clustered columns of the press
And posters of splendiferousness,
No more will shape, as formerly,
That super-sesquipedality
Which made him famous and far more,
The circuses he went before.
Tody has gone!
The light that shone
Around the world is dark, but, say,
Departed Tody's on the way
To summits of infinity
Where, multi-magnified, will he,
In thaumaturgic words, on them,
Exploit the New Jerusalem!

And yet, no language, large or small,
Can tell the sorrow of us all,
Since Tody's gone!

W. J. LAMPTON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Did not Flanigan, a Texas delegate to the Chicago convention of the G. O. P. in 1880, say: "What are we here for but the offices?" Did not a Congressman Flanigan say: "I am a bigger man than old Grant"? My disputant says that Tom Ochiltree was the author of both expressions. X. Y. Z.

A veteran in national politics says: "Tom Ochiltree was not the author of either quotation. I am not surprised that your correspondent mentions Tom Ochiltree, because that pesky old rascal, the cheekiest devil that ever lived—and I knew him intimately in Washington for many years—always appropriated everything and declared himself the author of most sayings known to men.

"Flanigan, a Texas delegate in the convention of 1888 (I think), not 1880, rose in his seat to protest against the civil service indorsement and exclaimed: 'What are we here for but the offices?' I do not recollect who said: 'I am a biger man than old Grant.' It was a written phrase, and the ignoramus wrote it 'biger'—not 'bigger.' This phrase, according to my recollection, was written in the last term of Gen. Grant's administration."

Was it not a Congressional doorkeeper who wrote home importantly to tell the folks that he was a "biger man than old Grant"? Some reader will remember.

Who was Ironquill, who used to write verses for THE SUN? M. B. B.

Ironquill, or Ironquill of Kansas, was Eugene F. Ware. He died in 1911. A brief outline of his career will be found in "Who's Who in America" for 1910-11. He served through the civil war and was United States Pension Commissioner from May 10, 1902, to January 1, 1905.

Mr. Ware was a lawyer, and at the time of his death was a member of the law firm of Ware, Nelson & Ware, Kansas City, Kan. His book, "Rhymes of Ironquill," published in 1909, went into its thirteenth edition in two years. Mr. Ware was 67 when it was published.

Has a dog intelligence, or only instinct? J. M. S.

A dog has both instinct and intelligence.

W. P. M.'s questions about the Seventh Regiment are completely answered in the following:

The Seventh Regiment left New York on April 19, 1861. It was commanded by Col. Marshall Lefferts and numbered, including recruits, 991 men. The picture of the regiment's departure in THE SUNDAY SUN of June 9, 1916, was the work of Thomas Nast. The large flag overhanging Broadway in the foreground of the picture is above the entrance to Ball, Black & Co., on the corner of Prince street. The regiment left Camp Cameron to return to New York on May 31, 1861. Its first armory was at Tompkins Market, Third avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets.

At the time of the regiment's departure, April 19, 1861, there were thirty-four States in the United States, not excluding the seceding States.

The Seventh left for the Mexican border on June 27, 1916, entraining for Brownsville, Tex. They were commanded by Col. Willard Fisk, and numbered 1,864 men. Col. Daniel Appleton became a member of the regiment in 1871. He became Colonel in 1889. He was succeeded by Col. Fisk in March, 1916.

The history of the Seventh is told in detail up to 1890 in the "History of the Seventh Regiment of New York, 1806-1889," by Col. Emmons Clark. This was published by the regiment in 1890.

Helen V. Bransfield, who asked in Questions and Answers of August 6 for information regarding the Bransfield family, is requested to write to Mrs. Mary Bransfield Raftery, 565 Jefferson avenue, Elizabeth, N. J.

Before nominations were made I bet that Theodore Roosevelt would beat President Wilson in the race for the Presidency. Does this wager hold? H. F. Y.

No; it should be declared off.

I was born and reared in the middle West, and I am told that I reflect my origin by my speech. "Right well I know it," a phrase I used in conversation to-day, was held up to ridicule by a companion as a horrible example of my use of Western provincialisms. Please inform me if such a criticism of the phrase was justifiable. MISSOURIAN.

Decidedly no; it was used in England in Shakespeare's day.

In an editorial article in THE SUN on the death of Hetty Green you spoke of a story of O. Henry's in which she figured. What story was this? LAS VEGAS.

"The Enchanted Profile" in the volume called "Roads of Destiny". (Doubleday, Page and Company).

Is the phrase "He has got the best of me" correct. W. C.

Carlyle used it. But "he has got the better of me" stands examination more sturdily.

Where is the 27th United States Infantry, formerly stationed at Texas City, Tex., now stationed? FRANK STEWART.

In the Philippines; mail should be addressed to the regiment at Manila.

What proportion of France do the Germans hold at the present time? W. R. VAN SICKLE.

About one-twenty-sixth. They conquered roughly 8,000 square miles. France has a trifle over 207,000 square miles total area. The British offensive has so far reconquered about fifty-eight square miles.

Replying to the inquiry of L. B. in Questions and Answers for August 20 I would say that the song "Bliss Forever Past," while often sung in "The Bohemian Girl," is taken from another opera of Balfe's, "The Puritan's Daughter." It was introduced into "The Bohemian Girl" for the purpose of giving the *Gypsy Queen* (alto) a solo. It will be found in the Oliver Ditson vocal and piano score of "The Bohemian Girl," published at Boston. W. G. T.

In what year did Blondin walk the tight rope at Niagara Falls? E. M.

He did it first in the summer of 1859.

Can some of your readers tell me whether Cooper Union was ever raised and two floors added below or whether floors were added to the top? J. W. L.

On what dates did Good Friday fall in 1839 and 1840? CONSTANT READER.

March 29, 1839, and April 17, 1840.

EDITORIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Combination That Makes a Magazine a Business Success.

A selection from the letters of the late Richard Watson Gilder, for thirty years editor and guiding spirit of the *Century*, appears in the September issue of that magazine. One of the most interesting of these letters, addressed to Maurice Thompson, is a capital summing up of something that Mr. Gilder well understood—the philosophy of magazine editing. Here is the letter, dated November 1, 1886:

"What makes a magazine 'go' from a business point of view, is not the individual writers; it is the combination which is made by the editors backed by the publishing enterprise. I would guarantee to start a magazine next year and make it a success without the use of a single well known name in literature—simply by the combination—if I had the right kind of publishers. A literary man often sees a periodical make a lot of money apparently out of his brains. There is some truth in this, but it is a sad fact that the rewards of pure literature are slow and not necessarily moneyed in character and that editorial and business sagacity will always bring more moneyed returns than the other. We put a poem or an artistic story in next to a war article, and that number of the magazine has a large circulation; but it is the war article that gives it the circulation and us the power to pay authors rather than the individual story. It is partly for this reason that I am so strongly in favor of international copyright. I want to see authors have a firmer property and better pay, and I am anxious to have all literary values increase.

"But after all that can be done, it will always be hard for a conscientious man to devote his whole time to literature and support his family on the proceeds. The trouble is that even an artist in words cannot always tell whether he has produced a genuine article or not. A man builds a bridge, it carries a train of cars, and he is paid for his work. The bridge is strong; it answers the purpose and is really a bridge. A work of art is never surely a work of art. It may take a hundred years, it may take three hundred, before a man can be sure his work of art is what he hoped it should be. By that time he is a mummy, and only his immortal spirit can smile at the compliments of the press."

EASY GOING REVOLUTIONISTS.

Little Disturbance in Capture of Chinese Town.

The province of Chekiang, where I was "interned" for four weeks, writes a correspondent of the *Christian Herald*, gives a good illustration of the revolutionary spirit all over China. About 4 o'clock one April morning we were awakened by the firing of three or four guns. I lazily said to myself as I turned over to go to sleep again, "The revolution is on," but I did not really believe that with so little disturbance anything serious could have happened.

But in a few hours I found that I had guessed right; that the tutuh, or military Governor, had been called out of bed by the leading revolutionists and had been given his choice to join them or leave Hangchow. He chose the latter horn of the dilemma. Whereupon the independence of Chekiang was declared, the civil Governor was chosen tutuh and proclamations were posted on the walls declaring the province independent and that law and order must be preserved and looting would be punished.

To be sure, during the first hour or two the old Governor's yamen or palace was looted by his former bodyguard, who, I suppose, thought it was their legitimate booty; but otherwise there was no disturbance, no bloodshed, only excitement and uncertainty for a day or two. After this business went on as usual, except that the banks were naturally chary about loaning money.

ROOM FOR ALL EUROPE.

Its Area Nearly the Same as That of Western United States.

The United States can swallow all of Europe—area, population and all. The entire combined computed area of the foreign countries and the area of the western United States are very nearly the same, says the *Popular Science Monthly*. The discrepancy is a bare 15,000 square miles on Europe's side. At the same time, however, Russia in Europe would spread over the whole western part of our country, crowding it to the doors with its 111,000,000 of people, being the largest of all the European countries.

The State of California has ample quarters for seven European countries, but its population is only a little over 2,000,000, whereas little Rumania alone harbors just about 7,000,000 inhabitants.

Austria-Hungary fits rather tightly across the shoulders in Texas, which has a scattered population of nearly 4,000,000, whereas Austria-Hungaria has more than 51,000,000 of people accommodated within its boundaries.

More striking, however, is corpulent Idaho with its 325,000 inhabitants living in an area sufficient to quarter 16,000,000 of Europeans living in four large countries. Then there are Montana and North Dakota with their 900,000 people enjoying enough room for Spain and Portugal's 25,000,000.

ANSWERING "YES" OR "NO."

Lincoln's Question a Poser for a Lawyer Opponent.

Col. Waters, who died in Kansas City recently, had practised law longer than any other lawyer in Kansas City. He was admitted to the bar in Macomb, Ill., before he was twenty-one years old. Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer practising in the same district then and Waters rode in the same circuit with him. Once Col. Waters retained his friend to help him in a case.

The opposing lawyer, says the Kansas City *Star*, demanded one of their witnesses should answer a certain question with a direct "yes" or "no." Lincoln contended the question could not be answered in that way.

"There's no question on earth that can't be answered with a direct 'yes' or 'no,'" declared the lawyer.

"You take the stand for a moment and I'll show you," said Lincoln.

The lawyer took the stand and Lincoln asked him: "Have you quit beating your wife?"

The lawyer became indignant and Lincoln repeated his question. The Judge, laughing heartily, insisted the lawyer must answer.

With the aid of Lincoln Waters won the case. Lincoln charged him $25, a large fee in those days.

As the Boy Understood.

A certain English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go down stairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity, says the *Youth's Companion*. He was hungry.

Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement.

"You told me to eat it up—and I eat it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster stoutly. "I eat it cold."